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THE

Commonweal

Mendès-France

by Robert Barrat

A Sunday in East Berlin

by Donat O'Donnell

Problem of the Paper-Backs

by Cecil Hemley

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THE

Commonweal

week by week

SURFACE CALM

EVER since the war in Indochina ended three months ago there has been a sort of peace throughout the world. Aside from a few individual acts of political terrorism, some minor armed raids and continuing police-state persecutions, organized violence in the world has been on the wane. American armed forces have not been in action since the ending of the Korean War a year ago last spring—after many additional months of armistice. Moreover, France and Germany have at last reached agreement on the defense of Europe. The key bastion of Western Europe with its productive plant, scientific know-how and priceless cultural values should thereby be immensely strengthened.

Here in this country, too, there are certain happy developments. Tax reductions are now making themselves felt among corporations and individuals. The threat of a national depression has largely subsided as business experiences a general upturn. Increasing unemployment especially in certain important industrial areas is now proving to be somewhat disquieting to government economists, but optimism is fairly general in our business community.

A glance at factors such as these would indicate that right now Americans are prospering as a whole and that the future looks quite good. If such considerations make for a sense of complacency that no nation, particularly no leading nation, can afford, they also ignore other key elements in our present state. Three of them appear to be outstanding.

In the first place, both in war-torn Korea and Indochina things are in a precarious state. North Korea, contrary to its pledged word, has greatly amplified its offensive installations. ROK armed forces have scarcely kept pace, while the Rhee government's political difficulties and huge rehabilitation problems are weakening factors. The postwar pattern has had considerably less time to take shape in South Viet Nam, but already there are ominous signs of internal weakness.

If the temptation to direct aggression is noteworthy in those two battle-scarred peninsulas, there are other Asiatic lands, such as Indonesia, which might conceivably go Communist from within, so to speak; for Moscow-trained Indonesian Communists with their strong foothold in Jakarta may succeed in taking full advantage of present government weaknesses and deficiencies. Anti-Americanism is strong among the politically articulate of India. It is likewise a big factor in Africa and other colonial areas. We also appear to be losing ground in the Western Hemisphere, with the Guatemala affair itself, the subsequent overthrow of the Arbenz regime and Latin American reactions.

Secondly, in addition to these and other indications how few friends the United States has in the world, the Sino-Russian colossus which opposes us is steadily growing in military and productive strength. We are exerting varying pressures to withhold strategic materials from the whole Soviet bloc, but appear to be doing little to capitalize on potential Russo-Chinese rivalry. Meanwhile observers see in the latest treaty between the two Communist Powers signs of growing Russian deference, signs that Soviet Russia actually feels constrained to yield to certain Chinese demands. If that alliance continues long on its present course, we may one day find the military machine and vast productive plant of an aggregate of more than eight hundred million people threatening our national and personal security by means of weapons for which distance no longer proves an obstacle.

AS if this very real prospect were not enough to stir us from our complacency, there is the accelerated pace of atomic and hydrogen weapon development and production. Too little heed continues to be paid to man's increasing capacity for destructiveness. It is said on good authority that the United States has enough of these weapons actually to destroy life on this whole earth, while the Soviet Union is not far behind.

The fact that our nation is confronted with such problems—and has done so little to meet them—is

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hardly the sort of topic an incumbent Administration can be expected to bring forward on the eve of election day. And when the Democrats critically avert to certain of these matters in the course of the present Congressional campaigns, many of their charges are too easily dismissed by the public as simply campaign talk.

Early in November, then, when the results are in and no matter what the vote is, President Eisenhower should initiate a series of talks that would take the American people greatly into his confidence. Such talks would have nothing partisanly political about them. Rather they would present the plight of this nation and all its citizens in as clear and realistic a fashion as possible. He should present the needs arising from this threat to national security; he must state what he believes the American people will have to do to meet the emergency—in the form of civilian defense, higher taxes to support more effective armed services and the expansion of the Point Four program, technicians willing to serve abroad, good use of our mountainous farm surpluses and new trade agreements required to bolster certain shaky economies abroad.

It is momentarily much more pleasant this fall to drift along complacently with our eyes averted from immediate and more distant dangers. Yet if the President should tell the American people just where this nation now stands in this embattled world, his considerable personal prestige would become even greater. What is more, he will find that if he courageously adopts such an open and responsible and statesmanlike course, his compatriots will wholeheartedly take up the challenge.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN W. SIMONS writes about Christianity and the arts for the Thirtieth Anniversary Number.

"The last several centuries have witnessed a gradual withdrawal of all secular engagements from their Christian center, and an enfeebled Christianity is now at the periphery of life trying to neutralize those alien forces which, should they be permitted to complete the logic of their inner dynamism, would either destroy man or fashion him to a new barbarism. . . . In the general secularization of life which now prevails, the arts, which have always been regarded as man's noblest utterance, have likewise suffered. They have either acquiesced to that commercialism which Matthiessen saw as the chief destructive element in the art of fiction, or they have made a splendid gesture of rebellion and sought to draw nourishment from their own substance. But the arts cannot live apart from life nor can they be a surrogate for religious values."

COUNTING COMMUNISTS

THE editors of this magazine have always felt that Communism was an issue too important to be exploited for personal advantage or partisan gain. As we see the matter, the question is one on which almost all Americans are united. Just as there should be a bipartisan approach to foreign policy, so too should there be a non-partisan approach to the subject of Communism and Communist infiltration. We have never liked extremes on either side, whether it was the Tydings' Committee whitewash or Senator McCarthy's scattergun approach. In either case, we have always felt the end result would not contribute to effective anti-Communism.

So we have believed and written for many years, expressing this point of view implicitly and explicitly in many editorials. Whether we have been fighting a losing battle or not, we do not know. We do know that the way Vice-President Nixon has been sounding the Communists-in-government theme seems to us only to contribute to public confusion on a vital issue.

Mr. Nixon and other GOP orators are back on the numbers game again, and evidently they plan to stick to it until the election is over. The Vice-President makes much of the statement that in thirteen months a total of 6926 "security risks" have left the Federal payroll. But as Stephen Mitchell pointed out, in this he is somewhat like a policeman who said he had arrested 224 criminals, without explaining that his total included 223 parking-law violators and one murderer. Republican orators know that the term "security risk" covers everything from people who drink or talk too much to genuine subversives. Lumping all such persons in together is simply misleading the casual listener. To make the matter worse, it has been charged, and so far as we know never denied, that a large percentage of those included in this total actually were hired by the Eisenhower Administration.

Included in the over-all total is what seems to be a more serious category, that which covered 1743 persons "whose files contained information indicating, in varying degrees, subversive activities, subversive associations or membership in subversive organizations." On the surface this classification seems worthy of more thoughtful consideration than the grab-bag total. But again the matter is not as clear as it looks.

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There is no indication as to whether this material has been evaluated so as to represent a considered negative judgment or whether it is simply material from the individual's "raw" files. If it is the latter, as someone has pointed out, Secretary Dulles himself would be vulnerable. Before the Alger Hiss disclosure, Mr. Dulles associated with him, and this fact is undoubtedly in the Dulles file. If the Secretary of State were to resign tomorrow (almost forty-five hundred of the persons counted were not dismissed but resigned), he could be added to the list and the total would then be one larger.

We want to make ourselves clear. It is not our intention in any way to defend subversives or to do anything but encourage the government to keep them out of sensitive Federal employment. If the Eisenhower Administration has found even a dozen genuine subversives, they should be credited with that fact. But there is no excuse for playing politics on so vital an issue and for gulling the American people with misleading statistics.

NUCLEAR WAR V

AN important figure in the current reconsideration of the implications of nuclear war is Thomas K. Finletter, the distinguished former Secretary of the Air Force. We have in this editorial series discussed Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' "massive retaliation" policy and the arguments of Britain's Air Marshal Slessor. Mr. Finletter holds a third position, one which is, next to that of Mr. Dulles, perhaps the most influential American opinion today.

Mr. Finletter has recently published a book called *Power and Policy*. In it he says:

> It does not seem believable that there can any longer be any hesitation as between the two courses of action open to the United States: 1) to try as hard as we can to prevent atomic war by building and maintaining an overwhelming retaliatory Air-Atomic force to make the Russians fear to start a war and by driving as hard as we can at the same time to achieve agreement on a fool-proof system for the enforced disarmament of all weapons; or 2) to compromise in our military planning and to run the risk that Russia may think she can knock us out in a surprise attack, and at the same time to accept in advance as the proven truth, without ever trying it out, that there is no use in submitting a plan for enforced disarmament because neither the people of the United States nor the Government of Russia would be willing to agree to it.

Mr. Finletter's book is a convincing argument that we are following the disastrous second course —that we are not spending enough to build an Air Force capable of continuing to deter attack.

He argues for massive retaliation only as a last resort, as a constant threat to the Soviets that if they *do* attack, we will survive well enough to launch an utterly destructive counterattack. He feels that it would be a fatal mistake to use nuclear weapons in any circumstance other than this last counterattack. He feels that to use atomic weapons in a small war would necessarily enlarge it into total war.

But this deterrent is, of course, a sterile thing. It will only buy time. The second point of the Finletter argument is that the United States must make an all-out attempt to get enforced world disarmament. He surveys the history of such attempts, admits the profound difficulties, and says: "Why in the face of the record to date should we expect [the new threat of the hydrogen bomb] to break down the ancient resistances? I cannot get it out of my head that it may." Indeed, Mr. Finletter feels that it must; he sees little hope if we fail.

We wish Mr. Finletter's disarmament well. Enforced disarmament would not be the rosy thing some world government enthusiasts picture it to be. If it were truly effective, it would mean the end to the most significant portions of American sovereignty, and it would mean the creation of an international body with total control of the major weapons of destruction. This world authority would certainly be itself vulnerable to the sicknesses of despotism or even of totalitarianism. Those of us who share the minimum principles of democratic government make up a minority of the world today, and if the world authority were to slip into the hands of new or old despots, we democracies would be militarily helpless.

These are sober objections. Yet, in spite of them, this magazine feels that the risks involved in enforced disarmament are preferable to hydrogen war. If Mr. Finletter's alternatives are the only ones, then we, like him, choose disarmament.

But we do not believe that world disarmament has a snowball's chance in the hell of modern ideological politics. We cannot believe that the Soviet Union, even in self-preservation, would surrender enough of its sovereignty to permit enforced disarmament. We cannot believe that antagonisms as profound as exist today between the world of totalitarianism and our world can be solved with a document and an international executive.

Disarmament seems to us surely worth trying (such an all-out try for disarmament is desperately needed to make our peaceful intentions clear to

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that portion of world opinion which has been affected by the incessant Communist "peace" propaganda), but we cannot see it as a realistic solution to the world's nuclear dilemma.

This series of editorials will be concluded in the issue following next week's Anniversary Issue.

DEFENSE DOLLARS

SENATOR Jackson's criticisms of the procurement policies of the Defense Department deserve serious consideration. In many quarters the issue is being discussed only in terms of Mr. Charles Wilson's previous connection with General Motors, the corporation which receives a lion's share of U.S. defense work. Actually, however, the situation to which Senator Jackson referred is a long-standing one and a matter of great importance for national policy.

What is under attack is a basic policy of the Defense Department. The new Administration took office on an economy platform. In keeping with this pledge, Mr. Wilson reversed previous policy by concentrating and "rationalizing" production in as few plants as possible. One result of this change of policy was an increase in government contracts for firms like General Motors—but it should be noted that GM has always had a key role in defense work because of the company's importance in the national industrial picture.

In pre-Wilson days the policy of the Defense Department was to split contracts for key items among several companies, with production thus taking place in widely dispersed plants. Although it is now being abandoned, this policy had obvious advantages. It avoided having all our eggs in one basket, in case of atomic attack. It meant that several companies in different parts of the country were actually engaged in producing the required item, ready to switch to all-out production in case of emergency.

That is the military argument. Senator Jackson and other critics of the Wilson decision have more arguments on their side. From a social point of view, the Wilson program does tend to concentrate production in the hands of larger companies. This aspect of the matter is particularly important in view of the current situation in the hard-pressed automobile industry. For government policy to make it more difficult for the small and medium-sized competitor to survive does not seem to be in the national interest.

Concentrating defense production in fewer and fewer plants is undoubtedly cheaper in terms of dollars and cents. Although the policy has social drawbacks, it undoubtedly has many concrete advantages—if war does not come. Here, it seems to us, is the heart of the argument, the raising of which in no way involves any question of Secretary Wilson's personal integrity.

The trouble is that Mr. Wilson is so interested in economy in government operations that he frequently seems to see his job in narrow, bookkeeping terms. And despite all the campaign talk, the government cannot be run like a corporation; what would be a good policy for General Motors may be suicidal for the United States government. The basic question at issue is whether or not concentration of defense production represents a real or a false saving. To our mind, the risk involved is too great.

THE MENDES-FRANCE GOVERNMENT

ON the following page, this magazine's Paris correspondent makes a convincingly enthusiastic defense of Pierre Mendès-France's "New Deal."

What seems especially significant about Robert Barrat's article is its enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which seems to have swept French opinion. Surely if the great problems facing France are to be solved, they will be solved by this kind of spirit.

Yet as trans-Atlantic observers, we feel some reservations about the Mendès-France government. That government is a small group of brilliant, dedicated men, brought to power by a parliamentary alliance of nationalists, reactionaries, Communists and neutralists. The public support for Mendès-France is far wider, as M. Barrat's article indicates, but such was the disparate group of parliamentary interests which voted him the Premiership. Will Mendès-France dominate these self-seeking groups, or will they dominate him? Is the apparent abandonment of the "European idea" by Mendès-France a return to pre-war European factionalism, or will he salvage from the London pact something of that greatest and most hopeful of post-war developments? Will Mendès-France be able to heal the bitterness which exists today between his group and the center parties, the "Europeans" who held power for so many years with policies of greatness in Europe—and calamitous error in Indochina and North Africa—and who have been so fiercely attacked by the new Premier's supporters?

Mendès-France has given France hope where there had been no hope. For that, France's friends abroad must be grateful. And they must wish that he will succeed in his task, a task more difficult than could have been imagined in the first days of enthusiasm.

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Mendès-France

"NOTHING LESS THAN A REVOLUTION IN FRANCE IS NEEDED TO PREVENT THE COUNTRY FROM BECOMING A MINOR POWER."

ROBERT BARRAT

THERE have been many accusations made against M. Mendès-France by his French political opponents. These originate in the mistrust, and even the hostility, which the new Premier first inspired in American political leaders. This mistrust now seems about to evaporate altogether, but it is important to clear up all misunderstanding about the man who in the end may be able to impart real substance to French-American friendship by overturning the foundations of untruth, illusion and the insincerity of flattery on which it has rested in recent years.

The main charge against Mendès-France is that he secretly favors overturning the Atlantic alliance and reaching an understanding with the Russians in foreign affairs and with the French Communists in domestic matters. Although indicating that he favored EDC, it is said he conducted himself in Brussels in such a way that he made certain those propositions were rejected. Before the French Parliament he refused to commit himself, but nevertheless he made his attitude clear enough for an anti-EDC majority to win out. According to his critics, his object once EDC was rejected and made impossible, was to obtain a four-power conference with the Russians in order to bring about a reunification and neutralization of Germany.

The extent to which these accusations were false is indicated by what happened. As the final communiqué from Brussels indicated, Pierre Mendès-France is completely convinced of the necessity for German participation in the defense of Europe. An interview with him which appeared recently in *U.S. News and World Report* and the attitude he displayed throughout the London conference likewise establish the falsity of the charges which have been made against him.

Pierre Mendès-France has not changed his position. He always believed that rearming Germany was necessary—indeed, virtually inevitable in view of the post-war tactics of Soviet Russia and the fact that the pattern of Soviet behavior has not changed substantially since Stalin's death. To be sure, if a dramatic move such as a Russian signature of the Austrian Treaty had taken place or a spectacular proposal aimed at resolving the German problem had been put forward, perhaps things would then have been different.

But since no such action has taken place and no such gesture has been made, M. Mendès-France prevailed upon Parliament and French opinion to make a decision at last. And it should be noted that he did so with a resoluteness which was lacking in all his predecessors. This much is true in the criticisms made against him: Pierre Mendès-France was not willing to risk the continuance in power of his government over a treaty which he rightly believed would be rejected by the French Parliament.

I am convinced of one thing. Although Pierre Mendès-France has always considered German rearmament important, he feels it is an issue which should not be allowed to tear the French community apart—and many Frenchmen follow him in this opinion. First of all get the country on its feet; restore its economic, financial and social balance; guide it forward in the direction of dynamic progress: for Mendès-France this is most important.

MENDES-FRANCE would not have refused to ratify EDC if French opinion had accepted it. But he was right in saying "No" at Brussels. He knew that there was not in Parliament, nor in the country generally, a majority favorable to German rearmament in that form, nor to that over-brusque attack on French sovereignty nor to the refusal of Britain to commit herself to the Continent. Misled by false reports from their French political friends, those who questioned the French Premier at Brussels thought he was playing a double game. It was Mendès-France, however, who was sincere and truthful at Brussels and not those who brought tendentious reports to Messrs. Spaak and Adenauer.

If there are men to whom American leaders have a right to address reproaches, it is to those who for two years have reported that the EDC treaty would be approved without difficulty by the French Parliament, all the while assiduously trying to keep it on ice.

M. Barrat, Paris correspondent for this magazine, is executive secretary of the Centre Catholique des Intellectuels Français.

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These are the same men who, incapable of finding a way out of the Indochinese impasse, were at the moment of the drama at Dienbienphu ready to risk the outbreak of a world war by demanding massive intervention by the American Air Force. Exhausted by the responsibilities of office since General De-Gaulle's spectacular retreat, this group no longer had contact with the national will. They had come to represent no more than a geometric meeting place of contradictory interests.

Not for a moment did these men believe that Mendès-France had a serious chance of remaining in power. Indeed, it was their coalition which prevented him from taking office in March, 1953. But the coming to power of Mendès-France eight months ago has nevertheless prevented additional disasters in Indochina, many mistakes in North Africa and many here in France. This very year Mendès-France owed his four hundred and twelve majority votes solely to the fearful chance he took in promising to make peace in Indochina within four weeks.

Conscious of their electoral interests, the general staffs of the various parties could not vote against him on this matter. But they gave him a vote of confidence only with their lips, determined to get rid of him on the first pretext. The day after he took office, even before the Geneva conference had reached a successful conclusion, the campaign of calumny and disparagement had begun. The treason affair which has just erupted in France proves that a powerful political "mafia" will stop at nothing to discredit Mendès-France, and the members of his government, in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

A whole network of former ministers, deputies, functionaries and police officers has been supplying European governments and the American State Department itself with a mass of erroneous information on what is called the neutralism of Pierre Mendès-France and the crypto-Communism of certain of his ministers. In this coalition, which certain Parisian journals have dubbed a new "*cagoule*," there can be found the bourgeois press of the Right (*Figaro, Aurore*); Radical ministers such as M. Martinaud Déplat; former Parisian prefect of Police, M. Baylot; and representatives of the large colonial interests in North Africa, among others.

For them Pierre Mendès-France was the man to beat. An attachment to power and all that goes with it, and an intoxicating, undiscriminating kind of anti-Communism have shown themselves capable of blunting the patriotic consciences of political leaders on this point. Fortunately for the country, the plot came to nothing and even turned against its instigators, thereby prolonging the chances of survival of this New Deal experiment Mendès-France is attempting.

WHAT can we say of the domestic policies of Mendès-France? What are his chances of remaining in power? For ten years he has played the role of Cassandra; like Cassandra, he has been right. The policy he advocated in the past and advocates today is that of common sense. For him, as he has repeatedly said in his public speeches and in the Parliament, nothing less than a revolution in France is needed to prevent the country from becoming a minor power of the twentieth rank.

France has abundant enough manpower and natural resources to deserve the rank of a great power, which the nation earned with her past splendors. Confront the French people with a future of struggle and of national independence, appeal to the living forces of the country, and national revival will be very rapid. Since Liberation, successive governments have proved incapable of setting France's house in order. They have failed to provide the essential economic and social reforms to rejuvenate the nation. They have continued to beg for the financial aid of the United States—a fact which has placed our foreign policy in vassalage.

Such policies have resulted in drugging the nation, making it lose hope. The French people were awakened by the great shocks of the defeat of 1940 and Liberation in 1944. But since then they have returned to the insipid pleasures of fishing, the game of bowls and the apéritif, instead of setting themselves to the great task of national reconstruction and the development of the territories of the French Union.

By contrast, the language in which Mendès-France has addressed the French people for four months, in his weekly radio talks and in his official speeches, is a language inspired by faith in the future and clarity of will. He appeals to the dynamism and the hopes of French youth. It is no exaggeration to say that through his efforts there is now a remarkable change in the French political climate. Our people again have hope in a better future.

What does Mendès-France propose to France? First,

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he says, the badly outmoded economic structure must be set in order and rejuvenated. National production must be increased by reorienting marginal enterprises toward more profitable activities, and a fund has been set up for this purpose. The sterile policy of appropriations to manufacturers with deficits is to be abandoned. How profoundly revolutionary such a decision is in France can be made clear with one example, that of the alcohol industry.

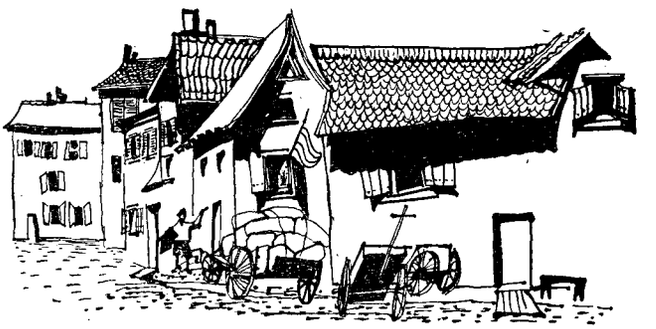
For years the State has permitted the senseless cultivation of sugar-beets. Distillation of alcohol from sugar-beets produced each year more than twenty-five million gallons of surplus alcohol. The State paid a hundred francs for a product it could not even get rid of at the international price of twenty-five francs. As a result, it was obliged either to build giant vats to store the surplus or flood the French provinces and North Africa with alcoholic beverages of wretched quality which everywhere facilitated the terrifying progress of alcoholism.

By two simple decrees the Government has just decided to divert two-thirds of this year's sugar-beet production to sugar refineries instead of to distilleries. For the first time the State has imposed this law on the sugar-beet producers' syndicate and intends to remain deaf to all the campaigns that this powerful trust will conduct in the press. In such acts the French people recognize the true authority of a chief of state, rather than in the demagogic formulas with which we have been glutted for the past ten years.

TO reform the State, to lead France to produce more and more, to reduce expenses that do not produce revenue, to bring about, on the public or private level, transfers of investments and expenses—notably to benefit housing and agriculture—such are the basic aims of Pierre Mendès-France in domestic matters. It is a herculean task even in the immediate future, and the long-range goals will have to be even higher if full employment, raising the income of the working classes, the reform of teaching, the rebuilding of our tax system and the construction of a decentralized French Union of free peoples is to be accomplished. Nothing more nor less is involved than a revolution, and it will take twenty years.

In order to achieve it, the Government will have to revoke certain privileges acquired over the years by millions of citizens, particularly of the conservative and materialistic bourgeoisie who have governed France since 1789. It will have to take measures that will hit certain classes hard, and which may be profoundly unpopular, such as suppressing the privileges of the private distillers. On such matters Mendès-France will have lined up against him the group of former ministers to whom I referred earlier, for they will never forgive him for wanting to take office and succeeding. We may be sure that such men as Laniel, Pleven, Bidault, Teitgen, de Chevigné, Martinaud Déplat—all of them, in my opinion, symbols of immobility and failure—do not accept permanent defeat, but will continue to oppose him bitterly.

But there is in the very manner of Pierre Mendès-France, in that direct, frank, "Napoleonic" style of conducting negotiations, something which seems des-



tined to force the hand of fate. After ten years of knocking, the door of success is open before him, and he seems determined not to turn back. No one else in France would have been able to emerge so successfully from the wasp's nest of EDC. We should expect that the man has more surprises in store for us.

He has known now for several weeks that he has public opinion behind him; recent statistical polls and enthusiastic demonstrations at Nevers, Strasbourg and Annecy have assured him that most of the living forces of the country, labor leaders, professors, young executives and youth movements, support him.

That is why I am almost ready to venture that Pierre Mendès-France, contrary to what people thought six months ago, has some chance of remaining in office until the legislative elections of 1956. Even if the "coalition" should succeed in overthrowing his ministry, he would have an easy electoral campaign before him and the elections could bring him back to power triumphantly, this time clearly to stay.

It is important that American opinion recognize the unique opportunity for national revival that Pierre Mendès-France embodies. Contrary to what his adversaries claim, his policy of economic and social progress alone can save France from Communism. It is misery, the hovel, the brutalized and archaic conditions of labor which throw three-quarters of the French young people into the arms of the Communists. "If Mendès-France is overturned, I will enroll in the Communist Party," a young student recently said to me. It is indeed the policy of economic malthusianism and social conservatism of Messrs. Pinay, Paul Reynaud, Queuille, etc., which have given the French Communists their strong foothold. In this situation, Americans should be able to discern where their true friends are, where their real interest lies.

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FROM GERMANY

A Sunday in East Berlin

DONAT O'DONNELL

"THE People's Police are on the Watch," declares a slogan at the subway station in the Alexanderplatz, from which I emerged into East Berlin. Beneath the slogan is an exhibit of photographs, with humorous captions in the Berlin dialect, showing the various feats of this famous force which, like the "B Specials" of Belfast, is politically selected and para-military.

There are, however, no People's Police and only two or three civilians to be seen in the great ruined expanse of the Alexanderplatz, in the central section of old Berlin. Quite near the subway there is a bookshop, closed since it is Sunday morning—and a more Sabbatarian Sunday than Belfast ever dreamed of. Marxist classics, translations from the Russian, technical books on athletics, sumptuous works on Czechoslovakian glass and Bulgarian ceramics. All the books are handsomely produced, by the great presses of Leipzig and Dresden, and most of them look beyond the means of the kind of people one sees in the streets.

Along the Leninallee, moving towards Unter den Linden, a few scattered groups of people; for several minutes no wheeled traffic at all. Then five large trucks come by, full of smart well-built Russian troops—normally a rather rare sight in what is often referred to as "the Communist shop window" of East Berlin. There is also a woman in one of the trucks, two women in another—all three plain and stolid, dressed in cotton frocks. Two small cars follow, moving fast, each full of men in dark suits, and each flying the flag of the Democratic Republic. Then no more traffic. This great city—there are a million people in East Berlin, two million in the Western sectors—shows less sign of life, here at its center, than any normal little town of a few thousand.

On the walls of such buildings as are standing in the Leninallee, and in the Marx-Engels Platz to which it leads, are big red streamers with political slogans. *German Youth Unite for Peace; the German Democratic Republic is the Unshakable Bastion of World Peace; Only the Imperialists Stand between You and a Happy Life; End the Fascist Terror in West Berlin.* Smaller posters appeal to Christians and Socialists to support the Peace Movement. Two more Russian trucks cut diagonally across the deserted Marx-Engels Platz and at last disappear down Unter den Linden. Moving in the opposite direction a Russian air force officer on leave passes, followed by his wife and child at a distance of about a yard and a half.

At the corner of Unter den Linden is the first sign of revelry, or the Continental Sunday—a stall with two folding card-tables, on one of which are six bottles of beer, on the other six glasses. There are no chairs and the expected roisterers have not arrived. Further down the famous avenue a Karl Marx Exhibition—housed in a Hohenzollern palace with an effigy of some caracoling Frederick—is doing no better. The doors are open but nobody comes in or out.

Then at last, almost opposite the huge Soviet Embassy—the only modern, and almost the only whole, building in the avenue—the people come in sight. They are entering Unter den Linden in procession from a side street and turning down towards where the Red Flag flaps on the Brandenburger Tor.

Along the route of the procession an excellent public address system carries a speaker's words. He is talking about heroes of the anti-fascist struggle, for this is Anti-Fascist Memorial Day. One of the heroes it seems was President Pieck. President Pieck gets a clap. Comrade Grotewohl, hero and Prime Minister, gets a slightly better clap. "The Russian mother, heroine of the anti-fascist struggle" gets a clap from those near the platform—as comes over the public-address system—but the procession itself is silent on this theme.

THE procession, as I follow it towards the Wilhelmstrasse, is rather quiet and seems tired or bored. Here and there a group, or one man, is marching, but most are just walking, some almost shuffling. There is a complete absence of excitement, both in the speaker's voice and in the crowd. No staging, no lights, no bands, no cheers, no salutes.

Most of the crowd are young; the only elderly people I saw were in a rather pathetic contingent, about thirty strong, behind a banner with the inscription "West Berlin." Most of them, also, look "petit-bourgeois," rather than workers; students, civil servants, professional men—in general, people with a little more than their chains to lose. One group walks behind the banner "Juridical Faculty of Humboldt University;" it is followed by a group which apparently consists of the cleaners and messengers of the same university, who are in turn followed by the philosophy students.

Herr Grotewohl, Prime Minister of the Democratic Republic, is now speaking, in the pure clear German of Hanover. His voice is earnest and persuasive, rather than inflammatory, and he attempts hardly any rhetorical effects. His theme is simply that of repeating, amplifying and again repeating the same appeals

Mr. O'Donnell is an Irish critic, author of the study, *Maria Cross.*

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as are already before his audience's eyes on red streamer-slogans.

One cannot get a sight of the platform without actually joining the procession, for here the People's Police, who must all be concentrated at this spot, form a cordon to screen off the mere sight-seers from moving on with the procession. Otherwise no attempt is made to interfere with the spectators, a few hundred of whom are present; some of them are moving away at this moment in the very middle of Grotewohl's speech; a few little girls are playing, unreproved, a form of tag. Such pressure as may be applied—as is, it may be safely assumed, applied—in connection with these meetings is not in the form of "terror in the streets" as in the early Nazi days. In West Berlin they say, almost certainly with truth, that the Communists, who control virtually all employment, work by vocational pressure. The employees of a given office, the students of a given faculty are given advance notice of such a meeting; their presence or absence is noted by a personnel officer, and the absentees are liable

to lose their jobs or their educational opportunities. The organization of the procession under vocational banners, the type of people participating, and their obvious apathy, all tend to confirm this view.

Herr Grotewohl's lecture is coming to an end. He has congratulated the French on their victory for peace in the rejection of EDC and has assured them of German support. He has denounced, but not in tones of any great conviction, the rebirth of fascism in Western Germany. He is confident—it is his peroration—that the movement for peace and democracy will succeed because it is "deeply grounded in the German national character."

Then as the next speaker addresses his German audience entirely in the Russian language the reason for the presence of Soviet troops becomes clear. He is General Gundorow, Special Representative of the Soviet Union, and it is for his protection that the many truck-loads of Russian troops are present. The Russians want no more incidents in their shop window of East Berlin.

LABOR UNITY

News from Two Fronts

IT isn't often that you get two shipments of good news on the same day. But on the same day the papers reported from the AFL convention in Los Angeles and the CIO Steelworkers convention in Atlantic City the following intelligence:

1. The AFL delegates, for the first time in history, approved a plan for the peaceful settlement of jurisdictional disputes. Although Dave Beck, president of the Teamsters, told reporters that his union would boycott the plan, neither he nor any of his delegates spoke or voted against the plan on the floor, so that it passed without dissent.

2. Dave McDonald, president of the Steelworkers, announced that his union would not disaffiliate from the CIO, nor would he ask for power to disaffiliate later on. He also urged "immediate merger" between the AFL and CIO.

The importance of what happened in Los Angeles is two-fold. It goes a long way toward ending the crazy mixed-up fights that AFL unions have had with each other over the years, tying up jobs and putting people out of work for no good reason other than some business agent's itch for more members.

Never before have the AFL's international unions been willing to submit the prickly problem of jurisdictional disputes to an outside impartial arbitrator. That is what this plan does if the contending unions are unable to work out their problems voluntarily.

Beck's Teamsters is the only international that has announced its unwillingness to go along. Beck wouldn't go with the AFL-CIO no-raiding pact either. But while a number of other unions were with him in the latter recalcitrance, it was evident in Los Angeles that practically none were with him in the former.

This brings us to the second fold of the event's importance. Beck's weak showing proves that George Meany, the newly-elevated successor to the late Bill Green as president of the AFL, is top dog in the Federation and Beck is in no position to challenge his authority. For the no-raiding pact was peculiarly Meany's project.

I discussed the question of Beck vs. Meany with a president of one of the smaller of the AFL's one hundred and thirteen internationals.

"What stands in Beck's way," he told me, "is that most of the AFL unions are afraid that he wants to gobble them up."

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Beck's refusal to go along with the no-raiding pact does nothing, of course, to dispel these nightmares.

The other temperamental Dave—namely, McDonald—gave evidence at the Steelworkers convention that he is not so temperamental that he wants to cut himself off from the CIO, the house that his old boss Phil Murray built.

But he wasn't exactly full of loyalty and love for the CIO either. He put it on a business-like basis. He told the three thousand delegates that the Steelworkers had invested over seventeen million dollars in the CIO and did not intend to throw the investment away.

"We are going to get something for our investment," he told them. "Do you know what that is? We are going to get complete, immediate organic unity [with the AFL]. Talk about waiting around for a year or two for organic unity is pure unadulterated bunk."

These remarks are a little surprising, coming as they do from the man who kept the Steelworkers from signing the AFL-CIO no-raiding pact, the first big step toward organic unity. But that's all right. The big thing is that he's for it now. And the pressure for immediate action won't do Walter Reuther any harm either, while the continued affiliation of the Steelworkers will make it possible for him to drive a better bargain for the CIO in the merger negotiations.

WHAT disturbs me about McDonald, though, is the speech that he gave on the opening day of the convention. Not that it didn't make some good points. But there were some curious points too. For example:

"Most of the intellectual writers today conceive of the trade union movement as split down the middle into two groups. One of these groups has the Marxian approach. The other has the strictly bread and butter base."

Who the eggheads are that McDonald is referring to I don't know, but some of those who stood by thought that he was calling Reuther and the CIO (except for the Steelworkers, of course) "Marxian" and the AFL "bread-and-butter" or, as he put it later, "we-will-get-all-we-can-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost."

He then went on to explain his own economic philosophy: "We are engaged in the operation of an economy which is a sort of mutual trusteeship. . . . The days of the Andrew Carnegies and people like him are gone. The great corporations of our country are no longer owned by small family groups. . . . Both [management and labor] have this mutual trusteeship that operates these steel companies. . . . Certainly the managers must give full consideration to the just claims of the workers. Certainly the working force must see to it that the steel properties are operated successfully, because if they are not they will have no jobs. Both, of course, have an obligation to the owners, to the stockholders, because if there is not invested additional capital, new money flowing into these industries, then we will have a decadence set in in our country. And that we will not stand for."

This is nothing very startling by way of new economic thought, but it is a bit unusual coming from the leader of over one million members of the CIO. And McDonald deserves credit for giving the boys a bit of economic sense. Most labor leaders will say these things privately but few have the courage to say them in public because they don't want to seem soft toward management.

The typical labor leader figures that he is paid to fight management and it is a sign of strength on McDonald's part, and progress, that such a prominent union official can admit the possibility of labor and management "coexisting," as it were.

But I wince at some of the words, and some of the context. Andrew Carnegie may be dead, but from time to time you would think that the ghost of the cold and canny Scot walks abroad, scaring the little children as he goes. I can see no great transformation in the attitudes of most American big businessmen.

And it is unfortunate that McDonald should speak as though everybody in the labor movement were out of step but himself. This is no way to make friends and influence people for his ideas. Reuther would probably agree with most of his remarks, as would the majority of the important labor leaders in both the CIO and AFL. There is very little Marxism left in the CIO and less bread-and-butter unionism in the AFL than some of these "intellectual writers" (who are those guys anyway?) have given it credit for.

When John L. Lewis learned that the Steelworkers were sticking with the CIO, the old warhorse was mad. He sent a telegram full of high-sounding abuse for the leaders of the CIO, a house that he himself helped to build. He called them "intellectual inebriates in frantic pursuit of the butterflies of their delusions." And the more I savor that elegant phrase the more I think that it describes John L. himself far better than it does Walter Reuther and friends.

It is good to see that Dave McDonald has decided not to join the old boy in another run with the butterfly net.

A BOOK FOR THE APOSTOLATE

IT occurs to me that the lay apostolate in this country doesn't have much of a literature, at least not between hard covers. In the magazine and paper line there is a growing number of publications devoted to the activities of laymen and women in applying the principles of the Gospel to the fields of labor and

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industry, politics, race relations, the family, etc. Dorothy Day has written some wonderfully readable books on the Catholic Worker division of the movement. A number of priests, notably Father John Cronin, have given us some good text books on the social principles of the Church. And Vincent Giese has done some excellent chapters on the theory of the movement.

There is a new book out, *You Are Not Your Own* by Father Dennis Geaney, O.S.A., that wraps it all up for the ordinary men and women who are neither intellectuals nor specialists [Fides. $3.25]. Father Geaney knows the theory but he is more interested in the people, especially those who have been doing something.

He is nothing if not personal and down-to-earth. "I was talking to a Jewish refugee whose parents died in a concentration camp," he will say, and he is off on an illustration of population mobility. Or "Vince was not the sharpest boy who ever went to high school," or "A friend was telling me of a group of Catholics . . . who met regularly to read and discuss the Bible," or "A fellow priest and I were standing on the street corner chatting with the owner of the corner newsstand—he was telling us about his policy on selling dirty magazines. . . ."

There are chapters on the Christian Family Movement, the Young Christian Workers, the world of industry, the Mass and mental prayer, among others. Father Geaney has the solutions, there is no question about that. But more important, he has the ability to make you see and feel the rightness of his solutions and the gift to inspire in you the desire to try one on for size.

This deserves to be a popular book.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE STAGE

THE BOY FRIEND

A MEDITERRANEAN sun shines on "The Boy Friend," and from the terrace of the Villa Caprice, Madame Dubonnet's finishing school for girls (girls, you understand, are finished much more nicely in Nice) we look down on the glittering *plage*. A French chambermaid indiscreetly flicks dust off a French telephone; there is a flutter of unnerving laughter; suddenly in the doorway—which is shaped exactly like a valentine—we see framed Polly and The Girls. "I say, chaps, who's for a dip?" cries Dulcie, her voice ripping out a shrill arpeggio of glee. But not Polly; she is suffering. We know this from the delicate exigency of her vacant expression, and the tension of her hands permanently clasped three inches above her right knee. You see, Daddy is motoring down from Paris (it is Carnival Time!) and her frock is charming (she is going as Pierrette) but a problem haunts her: who is going as—Pierrot? The time, you say, the period? Oh, 1920 and All That, for the waist has fallen and the bosom slipped, lips are bowed and stockings rolled, eyes are bluer, blondes are blonder, the Slouch Asthmatic and the voice chromatic, but (*pace* Mr. Angus Wilson) this above all: ask not for whom the cloche tolls, it tolls for thee.

Mr. Sandy Wilson, who wrote "The Boy Friend," and his director Miss Vida Hope, have transposed into a lighter, kinder key the exquisite aberrations of a musical comedy convention, and the result—notably in its loving evocation of *autres temps, autres moeurs*—is a sterling little essay in the remembrance of things past. Neither Mr. Wilson nor Miss Hope have—as the French would say—"an age" to recollect what they are gently guying, and there will be many to deny that it was thus and so. (Mr. George Jean Nathan has already launched an astonishingly ill-tempered thunderbolt into the delicate heart of the piece.) Yet surely this is to miss the essential point, the precise charm of "The Boy Friend:" its creation of a world of ideal phantasy, the fact of its being, as it were, a fable about a myth. For here love comes exactly on the stroke of midnight and no one is excluded from its carnival; the sun's warmth is put to rout only by the moon's glitter; the past is corrected and the future golden; wealth hovers discreetly in the background, and if a chap down from Oxford is masquerading as a messenger boy, he does it "only because he is poor." Mr. Wilson and Miss Hope beautifully maintain this doubleness of tone, the distance of wit—all of the artfulness of "The Boy Friend" is in its affection. We are won instantly by the satiric postures Miss Hope and Mr. John Heawood, the choreographer, have designed (apparently nostalgia for the twenties has permanently established itself in the sophisticated American sensibility), yet the deeper charm of "The Boy Friend" lies in its unmuddied innocence, the directness of its naive phantasy.

It is sad that this musical occasion, which has bridged the Atlantic with a perfect rainbow of good will, should have been clouded by one of those intramural disputes over interpretation—complicated, one must say, by a display of rather bad theatrical manners on the part of the American management. Mr. Wilson and Miss Hope feared, reasonably, for the delicate satiric coloring of their work; they resented a heightening of its somewhat more obvious points of parody. One must respect this concern, for it shows the artist's responsibility, yet as a witness of both the London production and this, I hasten to quiet their alarm. Beautifully pitched as it is, the London

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original seemed to me to suffer from an occasional pedantry of emphasis, a want of spirit and a tendency to be seduced by its own illusions. In New York, while the execution of certain individual effects is less fine, the piece has gained visibly in assertion and impact and pace, qualities to which—as a rebellious American colonist—I am, for better or worse, solidly committed. But in no serious respect has "The Boy Friend" suffered a sea change, and with this delicious import we may, I think, consider the books on Anglo-American lend-lease closed, for here, surely, are gratitude and affection amply requited. (*At the Royale.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

PRETTIEST TINSEL ON THE TREE

THERE are times when "Woman's World" will remind you of "Executive Suite." Both are chockfull of stars and both have to do with the search for a new boss to run a company, as well as the rivalry among the competitors. The similarities end there. "Woman's World" makes no pretense to search depths, and tries to be nothing more than a very amusing comedy of manners—or lack of them—in this day and age.

The script, on which six writers somehow got involved, has to do with the search for a new general manager for a New York automobile company. As the president of this enormous company Clifton Webb tosses off some of the best cracks. He is examining the three brightest men in the organization *and* their wives. And the contenders are Cornel Wilde with wife June Allyson who wishes they'd stayed in Kansas City; Van Heflin with wife Arlene Dahl who's determined her husband will get the job even if she has to give her all; Fred MacMurray with wife Lauren Bacall who sees the new job giving her husband ulcers on his ulcers and causing the end of their marriage.

At one point Cornel reminds his homesick wife New Yorkers might really *like* New York. This picture certainly likes New York. And Producer Charles Brackett has given us some of the most beautiful shots of the city (in CinemaScope and Technicolor) that I have ever seen. In fact the film is beautiful throughout—as is the cast; and Director Jean Negulesco had little more to do than let them shine and crack wise—which they do very well.

I WISH I could say as much for "White Christmas," but that film held out hopes so high that almost nothing could come up to expectations. It has four outstanding entertainers: Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney and Vera Ellen; but it involves them in such a foolish plot about their saving a Vermont inn for the boys' old General that the story becomes little more than an excuse for the production numbers. Irving Berlin wrote some new songs of middling interest and brought out a lot of old ones, like the title tune, which are tops on anyone's list.

Without half trying, Bing Crosby can always lend charm to a movie. He lends plenty of charm to this one as he tries to court Miss Clooney. Danny finds time to dance with Vera Ellen to the delight of all, but, alas, he has only one of those screwball numbers which he does inimitably. "Choreography" is just right for Danny. I wish he had done several more choruses of it instead of pretending to care whether Bing married Rosemary or not. No doubt those who like this happy foursome and don't mind Berlin at his not-quite-best will be happy with "White Christmas." I, for one, could skip all the pretty Technicolor and VistaVision (Paramount's good-looking new wide-screen process) for some good song-and-dance numbers for which this cast has all the talent. I'm still dreaming of a White Christmas.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SCIENCE AND SECURITY"

Uniondale, N.Y.

TO the Editors: With regard to Mr. Francis E. O'Meara's letter [Oct. 8] concerning my article on "Science and Security" [August 27] let me say the following.

First, I am very pleased to hear that Mr. O'Meara knows of cases where people accused of being security risks were told the details of their accusations. Apparently the numerous protests and demands that accusers be made to face those they were accusing have done some good. Unfortunately I have never known any such instances, so from my own knowledge what I said still stands.

Second, I am not personally acquainted with either Dr. Oppenheimer or Dr. Teller, although as a physicist I have great admiration for both men and I feel both have made remarkable contributions to both science and their country. But I am also aware of the fact that Dr. Teller and Dr. Oppenheimer are not the best of friends, and that there are more than a few physicists who know both men and who feel that all of Dr. Teller's difficulties in recruiting men for his projects were not due to Dr. Oppenheimer's influence. Since

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personalities are involved I should not care to pursue the subject further, but a good bit of the material appeared in various newspapers at the time of the investigations of Dr. Oppenheimer.

Third, Mr. O'Meara missed one important point completely. The question may be legitimately raised that Dr. Oppenheimer was not forbidden access to classified material until it became apparent that his *scientific* usefulness to the Atomic Energy Commission was at an end. This was clear and is documented. Also I do not share the belief of many people that security is something so sacred that we can afford to wink at the "usual rules of conduct." If Dr. Oppenheimer was cleared in 1949 for behavior which had not since undergone any major changes, I cannot justify his being denied clearance in 1954 for the same behavior. This notion that security is something which changes from day to day and must be somehow kept in a state of perpetual flux is nonsense, and serves only to confuse all those concerned with security.

Fourth, as to how I feel about security, let me quote Dr. James R. Killian, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as he testified before the House of Representatives Subcommittee on Military Operations: "The problem [of the relationship of the military services and scientists] has . . . created a condition where members of the scientific community are clearly discouraged and apprehensive about the lack of understanding of scientific methods and in undue regard to what sometimes seems to be a *preoccupation* with *security procedures* and *policies* at the *expense* of *scientific progress*" (Emphasis added). To this I say, "Amen."

Fifth, prior to writing the piece for The Commonweal I read the complete Teller testimony and found nothing in it which contradicted anything I had to say. Dr. Teller and I happen to disagree, and while I shall certainly bow to Dr. Teller as a physicist I shall not bow to him in passing judgments on security regulations. This is a matter in the realm of open debate. Present security regulations are so confused that I have never found two people in the Government who are concerned with security who agree on anything pertaining to it. And I live with security regulations every day. Not since the Tower of Babel drove engineers and architects crazy has there been anything to equal the security measures and how to interpret them.

JAMES BERNARD KELLEY.

COST & CULTURE

The Problem of the Paper-Backs

CECIL HEMLEY

IF culture is, as Matthew Arnold wrote, "the best that has been thought and said," then the paper reprints have made culture available to America. And, judging by the enormous sales of Shakespeare, Plato, the Bible, etc. in pocket book editions, the country is only too happy to be cultivated. Yet no one seriously believes that much has been accomplished. If anything, the prevailing mood is one of pessimism; in literary and intellectual circles there is much more talk of decadence than renaissance.

The truth is that Arnold's definition is both priggish and false. "The best that has been thought and said" is only culture for the student and the historian of culture. A civilization which is vitally concerned with art and literature is above all interested in the art and literature it, itself, is producing. This inevitably will be of much less value than the output of all past ages; but it will be its own, its way or ways of seeing the world, and as such it will revitalize all which has preceded it.

I am, of course, not suggesting that the past be left unread. I am merely stating that it is fatal for a society to be enamored of the works of the past. And here is where paper-backed publishing is most open to criticism.

The tendency of paper-backed publishing has been to disseminate the best from the past and the most mediocre from the present. There have been obvious reasons for this. The reprinters must sell enormous editions to make their enterprise profitable, and therefore, when they consider works of high quality, they must be sure that these works have wide acceptance before they dare publish them. When it comes to Aristotle or Dante, they can be certain that the schools and colleges will, as a matter of routine, do sufficient publicity to produce the broad market that is necessary. However, the educational system cannot be relied upon to create a market for contemporary authors.

Mr. Hemley is executive editor of the Noonday Press, which next year will introduce its own line of paper-backed volumes.

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POPE PIUS XII

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When it comes to contemporary writing the reprinter must perforce follow fashion—and not coterie fashion it should be remembered—but large popular currents of taste. He must seek to reprint books that have demonstrated their appeal by selling widely in more expensive editions. Or, when this is not so, he must fall back on genres, like the mystery or the western, which have wide, ready-made audiences waiting for them.

Since his motive is primarily economic, the reprinter is quite right in doing this. To survive he must sell; nor can he wait twenty years until the reputation of some current writer is sufficiently established for him to get rid of his edition. And so inevitably he keeps away from the controversial and the extraordinary.

Should he drop his editions from one hundred thousand to twenty thousand and raise the price of his books (as Anchor and Vintage have done) he has more latitude, but not a great deal more. Now he does not do Dante and Shakespeare; he gambles on Mann, Gide or James.

The mere mention of these names is enough to make the point. All of these writers are world-famous; each has had a substantial vogue; each is on endless lists of supplementary reading. When books by less well-known authors are published by firms like Anchor or Vintage, it is because their academic reputation is high. But should a new G. M. Young or a new Basil Willey, let alone a new Mann or Kierkegaard be somewhere writing his masterpiece, it is not likely that it will appear under the Anchor or Vintage imprint next year.

Nor should it. It has not been easy for fine writers to win recognition in the past. It will not be easy for them in the future. We must remember that a host of very great writers were forced to pay for the publication of their work. And this was in the era of the "cheap" hard book, when it was still profitable to print a very small edition. That day is long since past. If the printer and the binder are to live well, then it becomes economically unfeasible to do the novel that will sell only twenty-five hundred copies and the book of verse which will perhaps, if the reviews are very good, sell three or four hundred.

As a matter of fact, novels in hard-back editions very often sell less then twenty-five hundred. And what publisher in his right mind will do a book of poems by an unknown? Here is where the impact of the paper reprints has been felt.

Not only has the publisher of hard books found himself forced by rising prices to do larger editions and to sell them at higher prices, but he has found himself in ruinous competition with the mass-production book. If one can buy Dante, Shakespeare, Lawrence, Huxley, etc. at thirty-five to fifty cents, and Mann, Kierke-

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gaard, James, etc. at eighty-five to ninety-five cents, why pay three-fifty or four dollars for a work of possibly inferior quality? No one, after all, can read all of even the great books in the world.

I KNOW there are those who will dispute these conclusions. Their argument is that the cheap reprint has opened up a new market.

If this is so, what has happened to those who once did buy fiction in hard covers? It is surely odd that, with the advent of the paper reprint, sales of novels in hard covers have dropped off. The cry now is that the publisher of more expensive editions must concentrate on non-fiction. Should sales of non-fiction in expensive editions decline within the next few years, the conclusion will be obvious.

That the new writer of quality is in jeopardy, the reprinters themselves confess. It is for this reason, we are told, that such magazines as *New World Writing* and *Discovery* have been founded. The appearance of these magazines is certainly a good thing, but to think that it will solve the problem seems to me naive.

Writers are not developed through the publication of occasional short pieces in mass-distributed anthologies—at any rate not writers who work best in long forms. If we are to have new novelists of merit, they will have to come to maturity through the writing of novels, not through the random creation of short stories or fragments of novels. And the novels that they write will inevitably not all be masterpieces, and someone will have to foot the bill for the failures.

In the old days a publisher would every now and again take a chance on a writer of promise. Now, before he signs a contract, he wants to know what the subsidiary rights are, and, if neither the reprinters nor the motion pictures will buy, he cannot afford to publish.

IF the picture that I am painting is a gloomy one, it must be remembered that actually it is only a little worse than it has always been. As I have said, there has been no time when it was not difficult for writers of merit to get published. Nor is it likely that any system will be devised to make it otherwise. Can we find an infallible test to distinguish capable editors from poor ones? Can we make it mandatory that all those who have sufficient capital to found a publishing house be persons of judgment and taste?

It is clear that in the future, as in the past, there will be in the publishing world much mediocrity mingled with some brilliance. As in the past, great writers will often find the doors of editors locked against them, and they will watch bad writers enter on their way to financial success and transitory glory. These are the normal hazards of being a fine writer. The abnormal ones arise because of technological and sociological changes. Through mass production one can produce cheaply, but one must sell widely.

It is for this reason that publishing by small, noncommercial presses, so-called fugitive presses, has become so difficult in this era. And it must be remembered that it was through fugitive publishing that many of our best writers became known. Fugitive publishing has been the corrective to mediocre commercial publishing.

But, in the era of the paper reprint, with the printing presses making available the innumerable masterpieces of the past at absurdly low prices, how can the new compete? Everything favors the old. It has been tried by time, is cheap, and is distributed everywhere. It is quite otherwise with the new. No critic has as yet discovered its merits; editors are dubious about it, and cannot recommend that money be risked on it—and so it must be produced shoddily, stamped with the stigma of the "vanity press," and distributed in a few large cities where sympathetic bookstore owners will, perhaps, take it on consignment.

And yet if there is to be a new, this is very likely the way it will arrive. Recently the reprinters have begun to issue and commission originals, but the same wariness operates here as in their other endeavors. If they want a book on art, they go to the world-famous art authorities. A book on literature? It is the same thing. So far the record of the reprinters has been to make the famous more famous.

It may be that American publishing is going through an enormous transition, and that at the end we will publish in the French manner, with the preponderant majority of books appearing in soft covers. If this is so, I will be the last to mourn; so far as I am concerned, in hard or soft covers, a book is a book. What I am principally concerned with is the nourishment of the best that is being thought and said at the moment. I cannot see that the dissemination of Shakespeare and Dante in cheap editions furthers this. I have no quarrel with either Dante or Shakespeare, and I am happy to see their posthumous fame growing larger each year. But it is a trifle ironic that competition from them should make it more difficult for the unnamed ones of the present, who—let us confess—will probably be only footnotes in literature, but who are, after all, our very own.

It will be difficult for them, but not impossible, let me add; for, although I have no good reasons for being optimistic, I have enough faith in chance to believe that we will, as always, stumble through to a partial solution. That is, now and again, by some miracle a fine writer will appear and become a vogue—and this whether books have soft or hard covers.

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An Idealist's Vision of Our Contemporary Distress

IN THE NAME OF SANITY. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

By JOSEPH M. DUFFY, Jr.

MR. Mumford is filled with what he himself calls "prophetic anxiety." In this series of essays, some of them originally given as lectures, he indicates, both generally and specifically, his concern over the future of our world. He neither rages nor thunders, but with apocalyptic vision he gazes out over the contemporary landscape and points out the tokens of disaster which he finds everywhere present. As a moralist he also prescribes for modern men and their governments

In an introductory essay described as a "passport" for the others, Mr. Mumford lists four hypotheses about future relationships among nations. Any one of them, whether of war or armed peace, would, if it were to come to pass, either destroy civilization or render life unendurable. The fifth hypothesis, that of international cooperation or at least a reasonable modus vivendi among nations, is the necessary ideal pervading the book.

The first source of contemporary distress which Mr. Mumford confronts is to be found in the monumental disequilibrium in human society brought about by the extraordinary advance in technics without any comparable advance in human, social, or political behavior. Next Mr. Mumford examines the efforts of the United States to attain military superiority over and security against its logical enemy, Russia. Mr. Mumford notes the folly of reliance solely upon weapons of destruction and points out the dilemma inherent in the much vaunted—and perhaps now discredited—policy of "massive retaliation."

At a time when hysteria is almost a usual condition of daily life and in a society where the machine governs rather than serves man, the artist is driven in his work either to revolt against the prevailing hysteria and against the tyranny of the machine or to imitate the hysteria and to compete with the machine. Particularly in the plastic arts Mr. Mumford finds a "mirror" of the violence and dehumanization of society; and although he cannot altogether blame the artist, he believes that the artist sometimes not only represents evil but also, by the act of representation, extends it. Mr. Mumford looks for, however, and professes to find signs of a "renewal" in the arts, a tendency towards a new art which will counter man's fragmentized negative reality with an integrated affirmative ideal.

The last two essays, "The Uprising of Caliban" and "The Powers of Prospero," are the most important. Identifying Caliban with the *id,* Mr. Mumford asserts that the dark disorderly power of the *id* has, in our era, reigned over human nature and society. Men and their governments have acted without restraint and have tried to dignify and justify their most violent deeds. In the last war the Allies who began by calling attention to "barbarous" German air raids ended by engaging in extermination attacks immensely more destructive than any practiced by the enemy—a phase of total war we called our inhumanity. At home, in the name of "security" we have permitted and even encouraged the most outrageous attacks upon our own citizens and others. Scientists, Mr. Mumford finds, have also aided the uprising of Caliban. So long as their work is not shaped by ethical principles, so long as they make a fetish of knowledge for its own sake, they have shown themselves capable of participating in the most inhuman experiments—whether in the service of the dictatorships or of democracies. To oppose and control the *id* Mr. Mumford recommends elevation of the superego or the organizing intelligence and conscience which in the past has been responsible for man's noblest achievement—his religion and his art.

It should be clear from this summary that Mr. Mumford's ideas on most points are admirable and on some are of great value. It is difficult not to agree with almost everything Mr. Mumford says; at the same time, it is difficult to be enthusiastic about anything he says. Moreover, although we tend to nod in agreement as we turn the pages, it is often hard to know exactly what it is we agree with. Mr. Mumford is amiable, humane, and highminded, but he is also vague and all-inclusive. Are, for example, American scientists quite so irresponsible, so unconcerned with the effects of their work? If he has talked with many of them lately, he should have found them especially worried citizens. Furthermore, Mr. Mumford is particularly superficial in his discussion of art—we need more names and details of those works which are "mirrors of violence" and those others which show signs of renewal. Finally, what are we to make of Mr. Mumford's religion? When it is examined closely, it looks like the oldtime eclectic piety of the man of upright life who has read widely, thought moderately, and felt deeply. It is perhaps sufficient for Mr. Mumford, but it would not console nor elevate the world.

Nor would it move mountains. And that appears to be the job for our generation. We do indeed require men haunted by prophetic anxiety. The ideal, however, would probably be a savage and loving satirist like Swift. A man who in this country would flay politicians for their ineffable simplicity as well as for their incalculable guile. Who would abuse the religious for their surrender to the most vulgar "patriotic" ideals and the non-religious for the inanities with which they disguise their own despair. Who would attempt to awaken the masses sleeping, oyster-like in luxurious beds at the bottom of the sea. But if Swift's mind cracked after he had gazed with ferocious love and anguish upon his world, what would happen to such a prophetic spirit who looked out, wide-eyed, upon ours?

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The Freedom of the Sons of God

BLACK POPES: Authority, Its Use and Abuse. By Archbishop Roberts, S. J. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

By FRANCIS SWEENEY

THIS book, small only in its physical dimensions, gives the reader the experience of listening to the table talk of one of the great churchmen of our generation, a missionary archbishop who has been employed extensively by the Holy See in the *provisio ecclesiarum,* that supreme function of the Church's power to rule. It is by any standard a remarkable book, revealing a humble and witty personality, courteous in controversy, apostolic in compassion, a liberal in the best Catholic sense.

After a term as rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in Liverpool, Father Roberts was appointed, without missionary experience and without option, to the metropolitan See of Bombay. His most significant achievement was, literally, his resignation as the solution of an ancient impasse. Until 1950, Portugal had enjoyed the privilege of having the See occupied by one of its nationals, alternately with a Briton. In the ebb tide of colonialism in India a decade ago, Archbishop Roberts found himself the only British bishop among some fifty ordinaries. His solution of a delicate problem was that the Holy See should name an Indian as Auxiliary, to whom he would immediately delegate all his authority. Pius XII agreed; Father Gracias, the Archbishop's choice, was consecrated. With matters settled with Portugal, Gracias became Archbishop of Bombay and India's first Cardinal.

Archbishop Roberts' book is no name-dropping diplomat's memoir. Besides the insights it offers into the state of the Faith in India and its excursions into the history of authority in the Church, it is spiritual reading at its best. Some of the pages have the fire of a Suhard.

The notion of ecclesiastical authority, the Church as holder of "God's warrant," is the theme which rather loosely binds the chapters together. There is a chapter on the Jesuit manner of obedience; a brilliant discussion of the office of General of the Jesuits; a chapter on obedience in communities of religious women; a sketch of the life and unhappy times of Saint Celestine V, the Pope who resigned; an explanation of the Atonement which displays a weight of theological learning lightly carried.

It is in his thoughts on the role of the laity that the Archbishop is most provocative. He deprecates the fact that as a consequence of the division of Christendom the right to outspoken criticism within the Church has been subordinated to the necessity of closing ranks. He sets the matter out plainly: "It is humanly impossible to exercise authority without consulting the governed. To deny this is to make nonsense of obedience. . . . Both in the Acts of the Apostles and in their letters, there is overwhelming evidence of difference of opinion discussed with perfect frankness." He quotes to the same effect the words of the present Holy Father addressed to a conference of Catholic pressmen in February, 1950: "The Church is a living body and something would be lacking to her life if expression could not be given to public opinion within it. For such a lack, both pastors and the faithful might be to blame."

Archbishop Roberts believes that reserves of good will and technical competence found among the laity might be tapped to solve some of the Church's problems. The instance he gives in some detail is the need for an overhauling of procedure in the conduct of some marriage tribunals. To be sure, the law's delays are experienced in civil as well as in chancery courts, but the Archbishop asks a higher competence of the Church's tribunals: "They exist by divine right; equally by divine obligation they ought to be models to the world of what a court should be."

Outspoken as the book is, it is no tract for malcontents or anti-clerical viewers with alarm. For Archbishop Roberts is a meliorist —there is not a defeatist sentence in the book. And always over the shortcomings of human effort towers the majesty of the Church, the Temple not built with hands.

Prescription for the Nation's Ills

THE AGE OF CONFORMITY. By Alan Valentine. Regnery. $3.

By FRANK GETLEIN

OTHERS (Alan Valentine is not the first) have looked at contemporary America and found it dreary. Others, too, have discovered a sovereign remedy for our evil times, a remedy simple to state and guaranteed to make us all happy. And others have tacitly admitted, in the final chapter, the large improbability of getting the beast to hold still while the remedy is administered. Few, however, have made quite such a clean sweep of all things American as has Mr. Valentine.

The dodge by which he achieves his impressive denunciation is clear enough. Most denouncers of present-day America have operated from one of two large and loosely defined positions: that of the expatriate - artist - socialist - aesthetic - literate-higher lifer, and that of the good-old-days-honest-toil-sink-or-swim-rugged individualist. Mr. Valentine has forged an alliance between these two hostile states of mind and consequently has twice as many sticks with which to beat the dog.

And beat the dog he does without pause, dismissing the good America has wrought as too well-known to require enumeration. Perhaps it's the season, perhaps it is an example of the partisanship Mr. Valentine will presently be denouncing— at any rate his first few chapters read like a stock moral-exposé of Roosevelt-Trumanism by the

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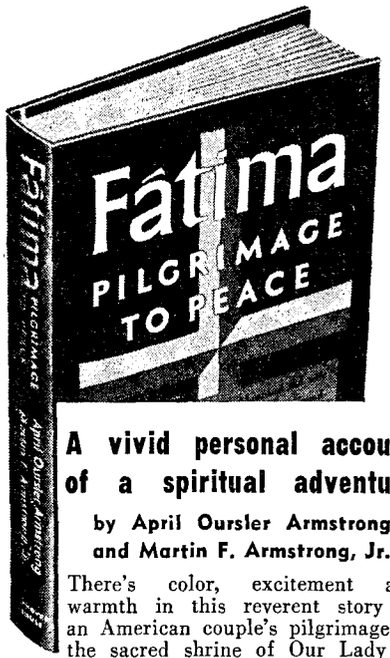

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Madison Avenue Crusaders. Mr. Truman specifically is taken to task for his deplorable taste in sport shirts and the fact that many Americans would list him among the great men despite mink coats and deep freezers. But just as the reader is about to put down the book as one more campaign document, Mr. Valentine changes his pace with an announcement that the only Presidential candidate in recent years to elevate the tone of our national politics was Governor Adlai E. Stevenson.

As things turn out, Mr. Valentine is the property of no party, unless it be the Federalist party, and he sees clearly that Federalism is unrepresented in the GOP. Indeed, the very idea of political parties seems to him un-Constitutional, as of course it is in the sense that it is unmentioned in the Constitution. The true American way, according to Mr. Valentine, is the literal operation of the Electoral College: the best men in each state gathered in a central place to examine their consciences and the state of the nation and discover the probable best man for the job. Democracy, thou hast ravished me! is the repeated cry of the book.

As Mr. Valentine sees it, the trouble began with Andrew Jackson and is summed up as the unchecked growth of popular sovereignty. The "pure" Constitutional government, as designed by Hamilton and Jefferson (whose opposition is here reduced to varying aspectual emphases of basically the same view) was created for an agricultural society loaded with a natural aristocracy of talent readily available for government service, since Uncle Tom could mind the farm while Massa was off legislating in Philadelphia.

The flood destroyed all this. Came Jackson and the heresy of democracy; came millions of immigrants without the Anglo-Saxon heritage; came industry and the channeling of nature's aristocracy into cornering the market; came unionism and an overconcern for daily bread; came FDR and price controls, farm supports, the bounding income-tax; came Truman, those shirts; came television and the cretinization of the masses.

But if Mr. Valentine weeps over political America, he rends his garments over cultural America. Americans today read comic books, listen to and even look at Liberace, honor first-basemen more than philosophers. The desire for excellence has been replaced by the desire to be "well-liked" and to be like everyone else. Every day in every way we grow more and more mediocre. Mob rule in politics, the response of government to the slightest shift of the weathervane, has led to mob rule in the arts and religion, in the very warp and woof of the individual's daily life. The answer is a return to a set of values above the market-place and to the acknowledgment of an aristocracy of brains and taste.

Perhaps, perhaps not. At any rate the beast is hardly likely to hold still.

Mr. Valentine's book is confused and outraged and reminiscent of many other works, works as disparate as Clive Bell's *Civilization* and David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*. More relevant than anything else is Edward Arlington Robinson's "Miniver Cheevey."

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The Burden of the Chosen People

TO NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM. By David Marcus. St. Martin's Press. $3.50.

By SEYMOUR KRIM

DAVID Marcus has an unusual background: he is an Irish Jew. It is natural, then, that his first novel should be concerned with trying to harmonize these rebellious strains. Take a young Jewish boy in the small town of Drumcoole, a gentile girl named Alice who loves him, a benevolent "Father Jim" who wishes our hero well, and a community which naturally regards him a little suspiciously. Take also the years 1947-48, with the Zionists fighting to establish a Jewish state in Palestine, and you can sense the many stresses that Jonathan Lippman operates under. Without giving a play-by-play account of the entire plot, the above are the essential ingredients that carry this novel and provide the drama. As a whole, I would say that it is a neat, compact job of organization (Mr. Marcus is a lawyer in private life), straightforward in the writing, and convincing in the problem it treats.

I must mention one or two reservations, however, before advising readers to storm the bookstores. First, and rather a shame, is the fact that there is a deadly serious air about this book, unrelieved by much Jewish irony or Irish wit. With such potentially rich material from both these ornate houses a more colorful novel might have been expected. But to state it frankly, there is a small-town, provincial odor about this novel which is honest at all times, and admirable in its way, but reminiscent of many stories where the protagonist must suffer because of the lack of imagination and experience that surrounds him. This does nothing to invalidate what Mr. Marcus has written, but it does make his book predictable and perhaps a trifle too naive. A more honorable, upright and conscientious hero than Jonathan Lippman would be hard to find.

It is difficult at this point not to comment on the problem of "Jewishness" which nourishes so much of this novel; but it is even more difficult to say something fresh and sensible about this mysterious burden which all Jews bear and which gives Jonathan Lippman such a hard time.

Mr. Marcus' hero is more earnest and pious than the majority of young American Jews, and he feels his apartness more keenly. One attributes this to the small-town environment which sharpens his sense of isolation, and also to the old folks who raised him with such a strict sense of Jewish identity. As aliens who came to Ireland after the Russian pogroms they were a tight, anxious little band, and they practiced their religion with an intensity and fidelity that was partly, perhaps, inspired by insecurity. The Wandering Jew, unfortunately, is no mere legend intended to scare

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Losing money is not the most attractive characteristic of publishing a magazine of opinion, but it is an inevitable feature of the kind of venture in which The Commonweal has been engaged for the past thirty years. Advertising and subscription revenue barely meets production costs, and in a time of rising production expenses, such as the past five years, the race between costs and income is a close one, and only an increasing circulation (which justifies increased advertising rates) can keep the gap closed.

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small children; he is the victim of history, and it is pitiably real that his offspring, such as Jonathan Lippman, suffer and become emotionally tight and forever on-guard as a result.

David Marcus has, a little unwittingly I think, given us such a portrait; in it you can see why "Jewish ambition"—something which even well-wishing gentiles can't help criticizing occasionally—is so natural to many Jewish boys of the type Marcus writes about. The reason is that they are not allowed (either by parents or the community) to feel at home where the seed of the Diaspora has been blown; they are driven deep into themselves, and "success" gives them the only temporary defense they can erect against wondering whether they'll be thrown out of the society they are in. This is neither a pleasant nor a natural state, and it accounts for much that must perplex the non-Jew. Gentile readers might do worse than read Mr. Marcus' book for just that reason.

Close to the Poor

FATHER McNABB READER. Edited by Francis Edward Nugent. Kenedy. $3.50.

By LEO R. WARD

WHAT is good about this *Reader* is that it is a cross-section of Father McNabb. It gives us a fair idea of him as a controversialist, as a man of humility and simplicity and prayer, as a poet—above all in his prose—and as a lover of London commoners. We get the best look at him, here, in the selections where he is allowed to speak at some length, as in those on Chesterton, Francis Thompson, Saint Dominic, and on confession to a priest. Other selections seem too abbreviated and choppy, but of course that was the way that Father McNabb himself often wrote and spoke.

Father McNabb was a plain man, rough fisted, big footed, a born peasant, and as if doomed to be close to the poor. In a city like

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London where he spent most of his life he was naturally a displaced person, and yet where there were masses of simple people like himself he was always at home. He knew they were short on bread, shelter, heat and clothing, and he wrote and preached that they ought not to be crowded into the city at all: he said that they were asked by conditions and circumstances to live a life of sin. But they were by no means flotsam to him. We cannot think he loved them merely as sons of God. As sons of men also they were beautiful, grand, glamorous.

In his humility, this man was like Chesterton, and he said that from Thomas More to Chesterton, England had been given "no great manchild whose life bore the quartering of philosophy, poetry, chivalry and holiness." In action he was like David Goldstein, in his predilections like Father Tompkins and Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day.

We are grateful for these selections because almost anything Father McNabb said or did was good: as Chesterton said, he was "almost the greatest man of our time." We find, however, that some of the toughest sides of his thought are nearly left out, such as Father McNabb on big-scale agriculture, on mechanization, on centralization, on the woman who said of the land: "I am the owner. More—the land owns me." We would like to have had something of him on suburbia, on the Church and reunion, and on atheistic Communism. All the same, a lot of people are going to like this book. Schools will want to see it, and many priests may want to make it for a time a sort of vademecum.

REVIEWERS

Joseph M. Duffy, Jr., is a member of the English department at the University of Notre Dame.

Father Francis Sweeney, S.J., teaches at Boston College.

Frank Getlein contributes to The Commonweal and other publications.

Seymour Krim has recently edited *Manhattan,* an anthology of short stories.

Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C., teaches philosophy at Notre Dame.

PERSONAL

The questionnaires sent earlier this year to a cross-section of The Commonweal's subscribers provided the editors with hours of fascinating reading. A number of those who returned the questionnaires asked that the results be reported in the magazine. Here are tentative returns.

The "average" subscriber is a man between 25 and 45 years of age. He has a child in grade school, is a Catholic, and lives in a city. He has read the magazine for about eight years.

To break that down: 6.5% of our readers are under 25 years of age; 69.4% are 25 to 45; 18.5% are 45 to 65; and 5.6% are over 65.

Almost exactly one-half of our readers have at least one child in grammar school. 13 out of every 100 have children in high school, and 11.6 in 100 have a child in college. 86.6% are Catholics.

Readers have complaints. Among the individual criticisms were that we "try too hard to be liberal," and that we "hedge" on our "liberal views;" that we are biased towards the Democrats, and that we are too partisan in support of Eisenhower; that we are "windy," "stodgy," and fail to take into account the fact that there is "a lot of country west of Chicago."

But the criticisms, we are glad to say, were outnumbered by the compliments, which were many and warm and most sincerely appreciated.
THE EDITORS.

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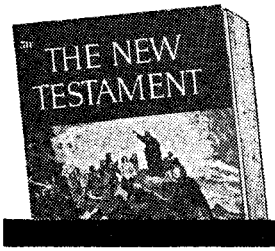

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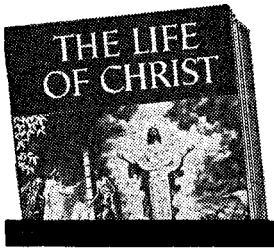

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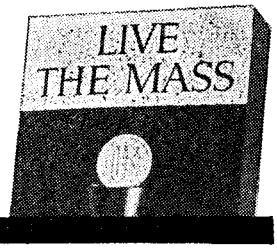

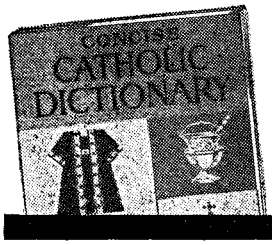

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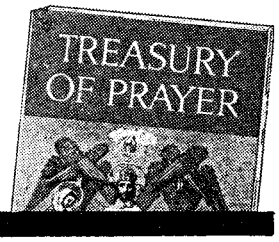

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